can't think what it were to throw cotton over-board, them times. It were like drawing out your eye-teeth. Every bale was worth £50; but it were better to lose some than to sacrifice all; the shots was a fallin' all around us, and

we must git out of range or we was gone, and so the old man give the order to throw over-

afternoon we had sailed completely round him, and was on our course agin.

Two nights after this I had the deck, and the old man were on the bridge, and all of a sudden I heerd him sing out: "Port! hard port!" and the next minit he sung out to "stop her." I jumped onto the bridge. "Look there," says the old man. And there, a crossin' our bow were a steamer; she had no lights set, and from her rig and general appregrance. we knowed she

BRIGHAM YOUNG MATERIALIZES.

Brigham Young hadn't been in the Snumer-land twenty-four hours, before he materialized for a Chicago medium.

"Did you have a good reception over there!"

"Did you have a good reception over there's asked the medium.

"Well, pretty good," said Mr. Young, his face assuming a slight look of annoyance; "pretty' good, considering. You are perhaps aware that I left a rather numerous family—a good deal of widow, I may say."

"Yea," said the medium, encouragingly, at the same time noticing that the presence rapidly grew excited, "there are nineteen of her altogether. I believe."

grew excited, "there are nineteen of her altogether, I believe."
"Nine-teen," said the late lamented, with extraordinary solemnity. "Nine-teen, not counting Ann Eliza. And I am sorry that I was a Mormon. Mark that, young man? Polygamy is all right, as long as the man and husband is alive; but when that individual perishes, he experiences a shock which completely knocks the spots off that sustained by society. I shall never recover from this."

Here the corpse sighed deeply, and shook its head.

"And you have no revenge ?" said the medium,

A Michigan man lately applied to Gen. Sheridan for a letter of introduction to Europe, and got the following: "This man's name is Jones —Jones, of Michigan. Very truly, P. H. Sheridan."

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# another one, right ahead, and agin kept off to the su'thard, till we brung him onto the port beam, and this alteration of course brought the fast one onto the starboard quarter. We run this way about a half hour, and had begun to drep the second one sighted, when we raised a third one, jist for ard of the starboard beam, and now it only needed that we should make one ahead to many our canture. Reside this as

# Choice Boetry.

ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell word to conjure up smiles and tears!
O, how oft de I mase, 'mid the thoughtless and gay.
On the marvellous truth that these words coursy!
And can it be se! Must the valiant and free
Have their tenure of life on this frail decree!
Are the trophics thuy'se rearred and the glories they's
won,
Only cantles of freet work, confronting the sun!
And must all that's as joyous and brillians to view,
As a mid-ausment freem, be as perishing, too!
Then, have pity, ye prend once—be gentle, ye great;
O, remember how mercy beseemeth year state;
For the rust that counument the sword of the brave,
Is eating the chain of the manneled slave;
And the conqueror's frowns and his victim's tears,
Will be all the same in a hundred years!

Will be all the same in a hundred years!

"Twill be all the same in a hundred years! What a spell-word to conjure up smites and tears! How dark are your fertunes, ye sens of the cell, Whose hairloom is sorrow, whose birth-right is tell! Yet envy not those whe have glory and gold, By the aweat of the poor, and the blood of the bold; For 'ile conting, how'er they may finant in their pride, The day when they il moulder to dust by your side. Death uniteth the children of toil and of sloth, And the democrat reptiles careuse upon both; For Time, as he speeds on his viewless wings, Disenancies and withers all earthly things; And the knight's white plause, and the shepherd's crook, And the minstrel's pipe, and the acholar's book, And the Emperor's crown, and his Cosmek's spears, Will be dust alike, in a hundred years!

Will be dust alike, in a hundred years!

Twill be all the same in a hundred years!

O, most magical fountain of amiles and tears!

To think that our hopes, like the flowers of June,
Which we love so much, should be lost so soon!

Then, what meaneth the chase after phantom juys!

Or the breaking of human hearts for toys!

Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes!

Or "the passion of youth for its darling draams!"

Or the dendly aversion of man for man!

What availeth it all! O, ye asges, say—

Or the miser's joy in his brillant clay!

Or the lover's real for his matchless prize—

The enohanting maid, with starry eyes!

Or, the favorish conflict, of hopes and fears,

If 'tis all the same in a hundred years!

If 'tis all the same in a hundred years!

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,
How clever seever the case appears;
For know ye not, that begund the grave,
Far, far beyond, where the codars wave
On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars
Come glittering forth, in their golden cars,
There hloomath a land of perennial bins.
Where we smile to think of the tears in this!
And the pligrim, reaching that radiant shore,
Has the thoughts of death in his heart no more,
But layeth his staff and sandale down.
For the victor's palm and the monarch's crown.
And the mother meets, in that franquii sphere,
The delightful child she has wept for here;
And the warrior's sword, that protects the right,
Is bejewelled with stars of undying light;
And we quaff of the same inmortal cap,
While the orphan smiles, and the slave locks up!
So, be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears,
For 'tis nor the same in a hundred years!

# Select Story.

### AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

A Cruise in the "Thistle"-An Exciting Chance and a Wonderful Escape.

Speakin' of them old blockade runnin' times, said Boy Bill, the other day, as he and the old sailor stretched their legs under the mahogany, I mind one celebrated v'yage I made out of Wilmin'ton, or leastwise a v'yage when we had some celebrated chaps along of us as passengers, which was Blanton Duncan, Jake Thompson, and Mr. Clay, three chaps as were sent out by the Government to try to patch up a peace with the Yankees, and I heard tell they went arterwards to Canady, for to do it, but nothin' much come of it, and anyhow, they come nigh losis' the number of their messes, whilst they was along of us, to my sartin knowledge.

You see, sir, it were in the steamer Thistle, along of Captain Hara, of which I was second were a steamer; she had no lights set, and from her rig and general appearance, we knowed abe were a cruiser; but she passed right on, and never seen as at all, and we steamed on about our business. This will show you, sir, the risks we run continually.

Next night, to our great joy, we sighted Gibbs Hill light, jist the finest light in the world, and run round under St. David's Head, and showed a light for a pilot. We got into St. George's about an hour after daylight, and was at once surrounded by the usual awarm of boats, with all sorts of people in 'em, all anxious to hear the latest news from Rebeldom.

You see, sir, it were in the steamer Thistle, along of Captain Hara, of which I was second mate. She were a old tub of a craft, as had formerly been a passenger boat 'twist Liverpool and Ireland, and the only good thing about her were she were fast, and there were no doubt of that; but the less gales of wind you had in her, the safer you was, 'causa she were like the old woman's baby, "too old to suck."

Well, we started down the river, chock full of cotton below, and with a deck load of it as well, and the first thing we knowed, she were after among the cotton on deck, and we had to check overboard a bale or two, after we got it out. We was goin' out of the eastern passage, and we

We was goin' out of the eastern passage, and we anchored close under Fort Fisher, jiet afore dark. The tides was a "takin' on," and we concluded we'd wait till the next night afore we tried to got out.

Rext day, Colonel Lamb, the commander of the fort, came off aboard of us, and, larnin' who our passengers was, he invited 'em for to come ashore, and they done it. I going with 'em, in charge, of the boat. I'd seen some formidable 'arthworks in my time, but I never see one to equal this, and we made up our minds that it couldn't be took from theses, nohow. The Colonel showed us some little Whitworth guns, which was on carriages, so as he could run 'em along the shore wherever there were a chance for to git a shot at a blockader, and he said he could land a shot aboard of 'em for four or five miles away, and that he made 'em keep to a respectful distance. The sogers in the fort was the most half-starved, skillagalee-lookin' lot I ever see, and they hadn't no clothes on to speak of; barefooted and ragged they was, and the most of 'em was boys, at that. Well, arter wanderin' round till we was tired, we went off aboard agin, and we found that a big ironclad which had been built is Wilmin'ton had come down and anchored near us, and that she were going out to have a say at the blockaders that night, and soon after there were two other gunbeats come down and anchored, and there come a boat from one of 'em to ask na would we give 'em some white paint for to paint the roof of the ironclad, and of course, we give 'em all we had, and give 'em also some other things, but it wern't more than an hour arterwachs, after the commandin' officer sends word to us that we mustn't try for to go out that night, and that it we interfered with his movements, he'd sain was. There were gratitude for you, arter we'd give him all our paint.

Well, one of our distinguished passengers, he inough the could do somethin' for us, and I took him in our boat, and went on board of the ironclad. The Admirtal, who were a cid United States officer, were very gentlemanty, sud said how he were very sorry, but he couldn't passenger, he inought he could do somethin' for us, and it took him in our boat, and we had obten to us a significant of the ironclad

#### TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1877.

Miscellany. INDIAN SUMMER.

Oh! these days,
Antunan days!
When the languid earth fies dreaming
In a sort of golden hare;
When amidst the vertiant woodlands
Stand the maples all ablase;
Gold and crimeon, brown and orange,
How they rise,
Glowing pyramids of color,
To the skies.

When the Summer tasks are done. And the song-birds southwards gone, And no sound Stirs the voiceless, breathless forest, Sare when, far away and seldom, The ripe acorn strikes the ground;

Or when leaves,
With a melancholy rustle,
And unstirred by any breeze,
Clinging downward from the trees,
Spread around
A rich carpet brighter tinted
Than the cunning Persian weaves. Or when leaves,

Oh! these days, Autumn days! Who can paint the glow and glory, Of these halcyon Autumn days!

#### CORWIN AND SHANNON. An Incident of 1840—How Corwin Made of Speech After He Put Wilson Shannon Down.

third one, jist for and of the starboard beam, and now it only needed that we should make one ahead to insure our capture. Beside this, as you will see, sir, if you have followed me, we had turned completely round, and it was only a question of time when we should get in again with the fleet we had run through the night afore. Our chance of escape was but slim, and all depended on whether we could outrun the one unto our port beam enough to sail round him and get our head off shore agin. We kep' takin' the bearin's of the one on the port hand, and as we dropped him half a pint, we would had up half a pint, still keepin' him right abeam. Meantime, number three that we had fust made for and of the starboard beam, had been a steamin' right for us, and at 8 o'clock he found hisself within distance, and began to fire at us. The fust shot went over us, the next fell astern, but it was evident that he was in range, and we might expect to be hit unless we got this troublesome customer out of range. We starboarded a pint more, bringing the second craft for ard of the beam, and our nearest neighbor one point abaft the starboard beam, and then come the question, "Most we sacrifice any of our cotton "You've never run the blockade, sir, and you can't think what it were to throw cotton overboard, them times. It were like drawing out The death of Hon. Wilson Shannon, who was twice Governor of Ohio, which was announced the other day by the telegraph, recalls an incident related to a Leader reporter, only a week ago, while traveling in Noble County. It was at the hospitable home of Mr. John Lomax, one of the old and respectable citizens of the County. The supper had been finished, and, while lounging in front of the spacious farm residence, reminiscences of the past were called up by the host.

so the old man give the order to throw overboard ceston.

"Cut'em open, my lads," says the old man, "and scatter it all you can, so as to foul that feller's propeller that's comin' up astern," and we done so; but I don't think that done any good, cause we seen this craft, which were the first one we made in the mornin'. When she run into this cotton, she jist stopped and gir' up the chase, and picked up all she could of it. This cuttin' sdrift business, hows'ever, was too slow for us, and a shell bustin' close by us, the old man sings out: "Don't stop to cut any more; overboard with 'em, as quick as the Lord will let you."

Tou'd think, sir, that men with the fear of capture afore 'em would do their best; but yet it's a fact, that durin' that chase, one of our passengers goes down into the fire-room, and says he, "£5 apiece, my lads, for five more revolutions," and blow'd if them firemen didn't turn to and get 'em. Under this increase of speed, we began to drop our friend on the starboard, and it were a happy time for us when his shots began to drop astern. Our companion on the port side had got abaft the beam again, and we was soon able to begin haulin' up more and more, a half pint to a time, and by 2 o'clock that afternoon we had sailed completely round him, and was on our course agin.

Two nights after this I had the deck, and the reminiscences of the past were called up by the host.

The speech, said he, which we heard to-day, brings to my mind the animated canvass of 1840. Not that General Garfield in the least resembles. Tom Corwin, or that Mr. Bishop, so far as I know, is anything like Wilson Shannon, who was then the Democratic candidate. But you know all political contests are much alike, and although we hardly ever have one with so much vim in it as that of 1840, still they recall some

although we hardly ever have one with so much vim in it as that of 1840, still they recall some characteristics of that time to our mind.

I was in Marietta, one day in September, 1840, for the purpose of hearing Tom Corwin for the first time. He was to come by the coach, and when it drove up to the front of the old hotel, we were all in waiting to receive him, and demand a speech. We wondered at his reply, when we called out:

"A speech from Tom Corwin."

"A speech from Tom Corwin." "He replied: "So soon as I put Wilson Shannor

down."

And emerging from the coach with a small, well-dressed boy in his arms, he set him down upon the ground, and proceeded with a characteristic speech.

A woman, also well-dressed, apparently much nettled, hastened from the coach, and taking the boy by the arm, hastened away.

The other passengers seemed to understand among themselves that apparating year forms.

The other passengers seemed to understand among themselves that something very funny had transpired, and when the speech was ended, I ventured to ask one of them what was the matter, when the following story, in substance,

was related:

The boy whom you saw placed upon the ground by Mr. Corwin is the youngest son of his competitor for the office of Governor, Wilson Shannon. The name of the boy is also Wilson Shannon. The lady who hastened away from the coach when Corwin began to speak, is Mrs. Wilson Shannon. Well, we were all traveling in the coach, and Corwin sat next to Mrs. Shannon, neither recognizing the other. The lady was communicative, and immediately told her name, &c. Corwin saw his opportunity, and immediately took advantage of it. She proceeded to teil all the plaus her husband had formed for tell all the plaus her husband had formed for the campaign, and expressed a great disdain for Ton Corwin, as she called him, remarking that she had, however, always had a considerable deshe had, however, always had a considerable desire to see him. She supposed he was a great sight. "Oh, 'tis!" says Corwin; "I have seen him, and I do not think so." "They say he is as black as a nigger," said the woman. "I guess not," said the other, "I think he is about my complexion."

Just here the stage became full, and Corwin offered to take Master Wilson upon his knee, for which the lady was very thankful, and became more confiding than before.

She remarked that she would like to hear this man "who was trying to get the Governorship away from her husband" talk a little, anyway; and was determined to stop over in Marietta for a night, and listen to him.

Thus matters ran on until the town was reached, and the crowd began to call for the next

Thus matters ran on until the town was reached, and the crowd began to call for the next Governor, Tom Corwin. Even then the good woman did not understand, and it was only when Corwin replied that he would speak as soon as he put Wilson Shannon down, that she appreciated the situation, and departed in a passion. It was thought at the time that the insight which Mr. Corwin thus gained into the plans of his opponent did much toward turning the scale of election in his favor.—Cleveland Leader.

head.
"I trust, sir," said the medium, somewhat confusedly, "they are well, and as miserable as could be expected."
"Not by a jug-fall!" said the deceased husband and father, with extreme violence. "That is to say, not by any enormons amount. Pardon me this rudeness," and the breast of the agitated presumption rose and fell. "Pardon me this exhibition of weakness, but what I have seen is enough to arouse the most peaceful and kind-hearted in matter of humanity that ever crossed the river." Feetprints of the Past.

The number of ancient leather boots and shoes discovered during excavatious in the city of London and vicinity, is far larger than most people imagine. Some few years ago, hundreds of leather soles and uppers, of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were disinterred in the neighborhood of Blackfriars Bridge, and are now in the possession of a Northamptonshire dealer in enriosities, who purchased the same at the sale of collections formed by the late Mr. Roach Smith, the London antiquary. Very recently, other relies of a later period have been brought to light. These consist of a huge pair of cavalry boots, which are made of the thickest of horse hide, stand thirty inches high, and weigh ten pounds each. The soles, which are an inch in thickness, are, as well as the heels, covered with thick iron plates; huge rowelled apurs, resting on ledges projecting from the back of the boots, are attached thereto by heavy steel chains, while, as a protection to the thigh, a dome-shaped cap of a double thickness of hide extends half way up that member. The boots were discovered during the demolition of some old houses in Clerkenwell; and as both Cromwell himself, his son Richard, Ireton and Fairfax, at one one time resided in Clarkenwell close, while the humbler followers of the great Protector also dwelt in large numbers in the vicinity, it may with fairness be assumed that they at some time or other were the property of one of the "Ironsides." The boots are in a most excellent state of preservation. It is much to be regretted that we have no trade museum in which such articles could be permanently placed. If the city companies could assist in forming a collection similar to that at the Hotel de Clany, in Paris, it would be a source of much interest and information.

EVERY reader knows the fact that the Burlington (lowa) Hardery is noted for witty any little and the state of preservation of the state of preservation. enough to arouse the most peaceful and kindhearted in matter of humanity that ever crossed the river."

"Will you be good enough, sir, to tell me what the difficulty is?" said the medium.

"Matter enough!" said the deceased, bringing his elenched hand down on a table with terrible effect. "There's Namber Six—what do you suppose she's doing? Weeping like a broken-hearted woman? Oh, no; I goess not! Hob-nobbing with Sim Ford, and calculating how the property's going to pan out! That's the way she expresses her desire to be buried in the same grave with the rose of her existence."

"This is dreadful," said the medium, sympathetically. "I wouldn't have thought it."

"And there's Number Ten. Fairest flower of the flock, I was wout to call her. What kind of a blighted violet do you suppose she is? Discussing baked beans and a new kind of existence with a whole man, the latter to begin as soon the estate left by the person she used to call her chief among ten thousand is properly divided up. That's the manner of water-power she is."

"And as to the others!" said the medium, after a painful pause.

"Same thing," said the blighted counterfeit. "Same thing about all of them, except one, and she is so infernal ugly that she can't find a aweetheart in all Utsh."

"And you have no revenge?" said the medium, inquiringly. inquiringly.

"That's the misery of it!" quickly returned the animated bust. "That's the—devil of it, if I may so spenk. I've got to look at these things, without the power to punch a head or swing a horsewhip. All that I can do is to look on and how!."

EVERY reader knows the fact that the Burlington (lowa) Harkeye is noted for witty sayings. Frank Hatton, the proprietor, is a noted wit; was witty when but a boy. Bert, his brother, is also remarkably witty, and Burdette, the funny man, is hard to beat. Yet their inborsewhip. All that I can do is to look on and how!."

The perturbed spirit applied a silk handker-chief to its eyes, and sobbed aloud. There was a noise as of a rush of wind, a suppressed shriek, a puff of smoke, and when the medium looked for the agitated presentiment, it wasn't there.

A NEW ORDER OF THINGS.—The New York Christian Advocate says: If paralysis removes Senator Morton from public life, the last great Republican statesman of the heroic age retires before Key in the Cabinet, Lamaz in the Senate, and Reagan in the House. This introduces another order of things. What shall the outcome be?—Senator Morton's Orges.

Ex the war same officially distributed among the funny man, is hard to beat. Yet their inventive brains are not the originators of all the fun of the Hawkeys. Among the tramping printers known to every office in the United States, are occasionally men who would rank with Clemens, Locke or Landon. Now and then these men find their way to Burlington, and seek employment on the Hawkeys. Their wit soon makes them prominent, and they volunteer help to every paragraph that offers an opportunity. These men flatton always rotains. It costs him nothing more for their assistance, and heace he always has about him a corps of brainy and witty men, to enliven the readers of his paper. In the war song officially distributed among the Russian soldiers with the sanction of the Grand Duke Cammander-in-Chief, there occurs the following verse: "Bear down spon the con-founded Tarks, and take no prisoners! They have skinned and impaied (the Christians), and burnt them alive. No quarter can be given to them." This is a literal translation.

August 26 being the anniversary of the death of Theodore Kærner, the patriotic and gifted post of Germany, who met his early death as a volunteer in the defence of his country, was observed in Dresden by the performance in the royal theatre of his fuest drama, "Zryni."

#### AN ECCENTRIC'S PARADISE.

The Costly Amusements of a Very Peculiar Bostonian—Mr. Wm. Emerson Haker's Ro-tate at Wellceley, Mass.—Nonge of the Strange Sights of the Bidge Hill Parm.

Mr. William Emerson Baker, a Boston gentleman of middle age, made a large fortune in the sewing machine business, and is now engaged in spending it in a fashion quite peculiar to himself. In his business relations, Mr. Baker is known as a smart, shrewd man. Intellectually, he is celebrated as a maker of very many puns, and very poor ones. Domestically, he is the pattern of a husband and a father. In one of the semi-autobiographical treatises which he has given to the world, he describes himself as "a human earthquake." The most prominent structure upon the Baker estate is the stable. This large building, rendered conspicuous by a square tower, sixty feet high, and after the general style of the Campanile, at Florence, may be seen for nany miles around. After Mr. Baker had built his burn and his tower, it occurred to him that the edifice might be mistaken by strangers for a church, and to make impossible any such misconception, he had it painted a dead black, relieved here and there by bronze triumings. The effect was too solemn for Mr. Baker's lively fancy. He therefore engaged a scenic artist, and had him decorate the exterior of the stable with paintings of heroic size and classical character.

It is a very peculiar world that one surveys Mr. William Emerson Baker, a Boston gentle-

character.

It is a very peculiar world that one surveys from the top of Mr. Baker's tower. His well-kept grounds, smooth lawns, and handsome flower gardens are disfigured by the presence of a great variety of grotesque edifices, all gaudily painted. The general effect is that of a world's fair in miniature. Indeed, a number of the pavilions and buildings once figured on the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, having been purchased by the human earthquake at the anction sale after the close of the exhibition, and removed to Ridge Hill Farm for the amusement and mental improvement of his family and his friends.

and meutal improvement of his family and his friends.

From Mr. Baker's point of view, the highest compliment that can be paid a departed statesman is to introduce him in a picture in connection with a hog. The pig is the sacred animal at Ridge Hill Farm. Mr. Baker believes that porcine intelligence ranks second only to the human. His favorites for domestic pets are clean little white porkers. There are numberless hogs and pigs on the estate. Living, they are maintained in luxurious style; and dying, buried with all the pomp and glory that wealth can with all the pomp and glory that wealth can command. The chief piggery of the establish-ment is a palatial affair. It was dedicated with impressive ceremonies, two years ago, in the presence of three thousand guests, and at an ex-pense of many thousand dollars. Like the stable, its exterior is covered with large oil paintings, its exterior is covered with large oil paintings, in this instance indicating various phases of porcine life. For the accommodation of its occupants, the interior is fitted up elaborately, the pens being of polished hard woods handsomely carved, and cared for by numerous attendants. Here and there on the grounds may be seen the mausoleums of departed hogs of extraordinary size or merit, their stuffed skins erected on costly pedestals, and thus forming their own monuments.

their own monuments. Mr. Baker has excavated an artificial lake, and placed upon it a queer steamboat, which travels with equal facility upon water or land. He has tunneled the ledges for fully a quarter of a mile, forming a subterranean labyrinth that ends in a bear-pit. The entrance of the grotto is a free-stone arch that once formed the portal of a Presbyterian church, partially destroyed in the second great Boston ire of 1873. The sacred stones are guarded by two wooden figures, formerly in the employ of some tobacconist. Wandering along the shores of the lake, the visitor encounters stuffed mules set up among the shrubbery; a monument thirty feet high, made entirely of empty champagne bottles, and itself constituting a gigantic bottle; grotesque wooden enfigies of men and animals; stuffed alligators, as if crawhing up from the water: a cottage Mr. Baker has excavated an artificial lake, and constituting a gigantic bottle; grotesque wooden en effigies of men and animals; stuffed alligators, as if crawling up from the water; a contage shingled with old spades and shovels; a competery containing all that was mortal of deceased pets, bears, swans, monkeys, dogs, ducks, cats, fawns, cows, canary birds, and pigs—each having been accorded funeral honors in the presence of large gatherings of distinguished guests, and each solemnly laid away beneath a tombstone bearing an epitaph, composed by Mr. Baker's own brain. Here and there tin signs are sns pended on trees or tacked against ledges, for no other purpose than to convey some of the choicest puns of the eccentric proprietor. There are log honses built of a thousand worn out railroad sleepers; piles of burnt out locomotive stacks; a monument of defaced stone columns, from the Boston postoffice, injured by the lire; a boat-house pictorially adorned outside; dolls' houses, crockery monstrosities, rosty cannon, wooden snakes in the grass, and thousands of other objects appropriate to museums and junk shops, but not usually found as features of landscape gardening. Whenever Mr. Baker comes across anything extravagant, old, or nondescript, from a three-legged bear to a queer-shaped clam shell, he forthwith purchases it at the owner's price, and adds it to the attractions of Ridge Hill Farm.

The pig fulness of Mr. Baker's nature displays itself in yarious practical jokes upon his visitors.

price, and adds it to the attractions of Ridge Hill Farm.

The playfulness of Mr. Baker's nature displays itself in various practical jokes upon his visitors. If you grasp a brass knob, you are pretty sure to receive an electric shock. If you attempt to whistle through a speaking tube, in order to gain admission to this building or that, as directed by a printed notice, you are reasonably certain of blowing yourself white with flour. If you step on an apparently solid floor, it is very likely to tilt and let you down, with the uncomfortable feeling of tambling from somewhere into nowhere. If you are tired, and seat yourself on one of the garden stools that are distributed through the place for the convenience of the weary, the chances are that it will sink with your weight, leaving you on the grass, while a painted wooden devil springs up out of the ground directly in front of you, and grins at your discomfure.

If Mr. Baker desired notariety for nimself and

omfiture.

If Mr. Baker desired notoriety for nimself and and his home, he has certainly accomplished it. Every day in the week, except Sanday, his grounds are thronged with curious visitors. Sometimes there are 1,500 visitors. Each visitor is obliged to register his name, and hay a small

is obliged to register his name, and pay a small fee for attendance. The chief celebrity of the Ridge Hill Farm is

is obliged to register his name, and pay a small fee for attendance.

The chief celebrity of the Ridge Hill Farm is due to the extensive and expensive fetes which the owner has given from time to time, to all sorts of people, and on all sorts of occasious. He has gathered together Senators and Governors, Congressmen and College Presidents, to join him in raising a monument to the memory of a hog. He has entertained two or three hundred ministers of the gospel, and set them all acting like so many harlequins. When the Charleston and Savannah militia came North to attend the Bunker Hill centennial, Mr. Baker captured them, carried them off to his place at Wellesley, and feasted them for a fertaight in the interest of reconciliation. He has organized tremendous pillow fights among his guests. He has collected half of the prominent men in Massachusetts to celebrate the birthday of a heifer calf, or to attend the funeral of a black bear. People who enjoy Mr. Baker's hospitality and drink his wine are apt to overlook the absurdity of the man, and of all that he does in his capacity of a human earthquake. The Boston press treats him with curious respect.

On these festal occasious Mr. Baker is lavish in his expenditure of thought and money for the astonishment of his guests. His wretched dependants are forced to rig themselves up fantastically, and perform all sorts of grotesque mummery for the amasement of the crowd. His caverns and grottoes are inhabited by retainers, dressed as demons, serving claret punch to all who will drink. The bears are perhaps petticoated, and the monkeys painted blue. Nothing is too extravagant for Mr. William Emerson Baker's taste. Probably no other man ever dreamed of making a cow yield milk punch. Mr. Baker accomplished the miracle by attaching to the cow's udder a fifth teat, made of rubber. A small tabe, painted to correspond with the color of the beast, ran down her hind leg, and then across the floor into another mon, where the beverage was pumped in an nocedel. Hundreds of visitors

### AUTUMN VOICES

BY M. H. DODGE. Seemeth the chorus that greeteth the ear, A dirge for the dying hours, That wake no more for the passing year, Spring's voices of birds and flowers! Or is it a pailm of love upborne From this grateful earth of ours!

Unfold us the burden of your song.
Grasshoppers, chirping so
Tender and sweet the whole day long!
Is it of joy or wee.
The music that breathes from each blade of grass,
In undertone deep and low!

Vainly I list for a jarring tone,
All is so blest to me—
From the cricket that answers, beneath the stone,
The brown tood hid in the tree,
To the timest insect of them all,
That helps with the harmony.

Never a panse in the screnade! Like the glory of ripened corn, It filleth the air through sunshine and shade: And from twitight till peep of morn, Is a syttemical pulse in the dreamful night, That of satisfied life seems born.

As the gold of the Sammer about us floats, Soft moledy crownesh the haze Of the yellow ether with choral notes, Through these tuneful Autuma days, Speak, sphinx of the bearthstone, cricket dear! Is the song of sorrow or of praise!

Of this I am sure, that you bring to me
Thoughts the sweetest of any I know;
Of this I am sure, that you sing to me.
In minor tones, tenterly low.
Of things the dearest that life has brought.
And dearest that hopes beatow.

#### THE TRIP AND ITS RESULTS.

The Presidential tour is over, and we are al-wed breath to look calmly at the results. We reach a number of conclusions from the hes made on the trip, but two facts stand

speeches made on the trip, but two facts stand out from all the rest prominently, and stare at us insolently and defiantly. They are these:

1. The war was not, as we have been taught to believe, a death struggle between loyalty and liberty on the one side, and slavery and treason on the other, but an unseemly quarrel, a squabble between Greeks, in which "the side that had the most Greeks" wen the victory.

2. The administration of Andrew Johnson was one to be commended in the highest terms, and one to be commended in the highest terms, and Mr. Johnson himself a President "whose memory is now respected throughout the land as one of most faithful and devoted servants of the comment."

try."
The first is the announcement of the Presiden

himself; the latter the proclamation of the chief member of his Cabinet. Said Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg:

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought orth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in iberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men

Are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battle field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, for it can never forces what the say here, for it can never forces what the say here, for it can never forces what the we say here, but it can never forget what the DIO HERE.

Is it possible that Mr. Lincoln was mistaken? Is the world forgetting—and so soon—what they

Said Lincoln, in his second inaugurat:

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the aword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous alto-

I am quite sure there are before me very many of the brave men who fought in the Confederate army (Applanae), some doubtless of the men who fought in the Union army. Both sides found in the Bible con-firmation of their opinions, and both sides finally un-dertook to settle the question by that last final means of arbitration, force of arms. You here mainly joined the Confederate side, and fought bravely, risked your lives heroically, in behalf of your convictions.

lives heroically, in behalf of your convictions.

Is there any difference in merit between the Union and the Confederate soldier here? and if so, is not the balance a little on the side of those who made Lincoln's impressive speech at Gettysburg a mournful possibility?

This, for the first fact prominently obtruded upon us by the late Presidential tour. Now for the second, regarding the "patriotic" President, Andrew Johnson.

If the President's minister is right, then the Republican party was wrong: if the party was wrong, then Mr. Hayes was wrong, for upon the stump in Ohio, in 1867, he said:

Andrew Johnson, in the days when he was logal, said

Andrew Johnson, in the days when he was loyal, said the work of reconstruction ought to be placed absolutely in the hands of the loyal men of the State; that rebels ought not to participate in that work; that while that work is going on, they must take back seats. We want that understood in our work of recon-

struction.

If Hayes and the Republican party were wrong, then Mr. Schurz was wrong, for, as temporary Chairman of the National Republican Convention, in 1868, he outlined, advocated, and voted for the following resolution:

Chairman of the National Republican Convention, in 1868, he outlined, advocated, and voted for the following resolution:

8. We profoundly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession of Andrew Johnson, who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him, and the cause he was pledged to support; who has usurped high legislative and judicial functions; who has refused to execute the laws; who has used his high office to induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws; who has employed his executive power to render insecure the property, the peace, and the life of the citizen; who has persistently and corruptly resisted, by every means in his power, every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion; who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption; and who has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the rotes of thirty-fice Senators.

And as with Schurz, so with Sumner, who, even as late as 1869, tannted Trumbull with having voted to "screen this enemy of the government who dared to raise his hand against the consummation of liberty."

If Evarts is right, then the civil rights bill was wrong, for Johnson vetoed it. If he was right, then unpartial suffrage was wrong, for Johnson put the stamp of his disapprobation upon it.

What new revelation has this Republican administration had, that its second officer must needs attempt to dispel the convictions of years? Has not a mistake been made? Was it not the following declaration that Mr. Evarts was seeking to culogize?

Resolecd, That the President of the United States, Andrew Johnson, in exercising the power of his high

following declaration that Mr. Evarts was seeking to eulogize f

Resolved. That the President of the United States,
Andrew Johnson, in exercising the power of his high
office in resisting the aggressions of Congress npon
the constitutional rights of the States and the people,
is entitled to the gratitude of the American people,
and in behalf of the Democratic party we tender him
our thanks for his patriotic efforts in that regard.

This was the resolution adopted by the Democratic party in 1868, and it must have been this
that our Republican Secretary was seeking to
indorse.

Finally, in order to "preserve the party in-tact." and to save it from defeat and disaster, is it necessary for Republicans to deny their past, turn their backs upon the record, eat their own words, and mount the platform of their ememy!— Chicago Inter-Ocean.

RECENTLY, there died in England, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, Mr. Robert Ware Fox, a Quaker, who, as long ago as 1830, made the dipping needle, without which instrument, according to Sir James Rosse, it is doubtful whether the Southern magnetic pole could have been located.

ners Expresses Itself.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,
Sept. 15, 1877.

Yisterday the Corners waz profoundly shocked.
Joe Biglet waz over to Secessiouville, and wen he returned, he gored the nooze that the frodulent President, Hayze, waz on a Suthern toor, and hed desided to make the Corners a visit.

I waz profoundly alarmed. I hed red uv ovashens he hed reserved in the South, and hed wore mourain on my hat for two days in consekence. The ijee uv Dimocrats bowin the knee to this Ablisha Baal, and doin him oner, stung me to the quick. And to think that he shood hev the impoodence to come to the Corners, and undertaks to conker the jest prejoodisses uv our sterlin Dimocrisy—that Dimocray wich never yit regardid time nor place, but wich alluz remained troe to the cardinal pints uv Dimocrisy—that he shood come and try to corrupt them, wax too much.

NASBY.

waz too much.
Suthin hed to be did, an that quickly. Bigler sed he wood be here the next day, and I conven-

sed he wood be here the next day, and I conveued a meetin to wunst.

It was a sad occasho. I statid the objick, in a few words. Here was a fraudulent President wich hed bin goin over the entire South—a Ablisho President—a travlin throo Kentucky and Tennessee, and hedn't ez yit been killed. Not so much ex a single brick hed been shied at him—not so much ex a single hiss or a groan hed bin hurled at him. Hisses and groans and bricks! On the contrary, this representative av the Ablisho sentiment uv the North hed bin feasted, and wined and dined in the South, by Suthern men!

mon!

He wuz a comin to the Corners. Not content with pollootin Looisville, he wuz to continyoo his triumfel progress to the Corners, and it wood be expected that the Corners wood put its neck under his yoke, and yelp hosanners to this yooserper. Wood the Corners do it? (Cries of never! never!) With a nigger in the Post-Offis, and a Radikel in the Collector's Offis, wood the Corners consider itself satisfied? Never! The troops hev bin withdrawn from Loosianner, but so long ez them offises is kep from the Dimocrisy, the remembrance uv a fratrisidle war still rankles in our buzms. in our bazms.

(The cheers wuz so vonifrus that I riz with the occashun.)
Wat does all this mean? Wher is the Dimocrisy? Wat is Dimocrisy, anyhow? Hez the old sperit died out? Do them Kentuckians wich are hurrahin for Haze realize the fact that he wuz electid by Ablishin votes? Do they remember that his sword iz rusted with Suthern blood, and that to sich ez him they owe the loss uv ther highest.

niggers † Are they still Dimekrats ? Who is this Haze ?

Duz he bleeve in the last war with Grate Brit-

nin†
Dux he bleeve in the resolooshens uv '98†
Dux he bleeve in free trade †
Dux he bleeve that Jaxon wux the gratest uv
Amerikins, and that the volunteers from Kentucky and Tennessee wich wux at Noo Orleens
are deservin uv resolooshens uv thanks at every
Dimekratic convenshun †
Is he opposed to internal improvements, and

Is he opposed to internal improovements, and duz he still shout for "free trade and saler's rites?" Is he in faver uv the extenshun uv slavery to

the Territories, and is he opposed to the heresy uv Duglas?

Did he vote for seceshun? Duz he vote for secession?

Duz he bleeve in States' rites, and is he in faver uv hard money? Or, ruther—well, on the hard money question I sin't so pertikeler, but, I sum it all up—is he a Dimekrat?

And then I perposed the adopshen uv the follerin resolvoshens:

Wareas, A frodulent President, which is a yooserper, is makin a toor uv the South, and hez hin reserved with demonstrasheus uv approoval by Suthern Dimekrats, and

The resolooshen closin Bascom's wnz modified into dressin his front, and also the barls, in black crape, at Bascom's expense, and the resolooshens was passed yoonanimusly.

At this pint Iseaker Gavitt rose, and wantid to offer a resolooshen. Iseaker remarkt that the resolooshens was jest, ex things now stood, but he was a merciful man. He didn't want to cut the yooserper off entirely, but desired to give him a chance to gain the esteem nv the Corners. He wood give him one more chance—jist one more, and ef he refoosed that, why then it was all over. He wood offer this resolooshen:

\*\*Resolved\*\*, That while we brand Rootherford B. Haze ex a President de fakto, and ex a oppresser av the South, and ex the destroyer uv the liberties uv his country, and so feelin, refooze to welcome him to the Corners, nevertheless, ef he shel do the Corners the jestis to remoove the infamus Radikel wich is Collocter, and appint in his place Issaker Gavitt, and also remoove the ninger Postmaster, and appint in his place the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, it wood go a grate way tourds softenin the bitterness and hoonillishum wich now rankles in the buzu uv the Corners, and wood tend very much toards restorin that harmony and good feelin that shood eggaist between a secshun and the gineral guvernent.

I wuz in dout whether we ort to consode so much, but Bascom turned his eyes appealinly to me, and I consented. I owe that man too much to stand on trifles. The addishul resolooshen war passed, and we adjurned, feelin that watever other places in Kentucky mite do, the Corners hed dun its dooty.

\*\*Petroleum V. Nasby, Ex-Reformer.\*\*

Petroleum V. Nasby, Ex-Reformer.\*\*

Petroleum V. Nasby, Ex-Reformer.\*\*

## A VINTAGE SONG.

BY E. D. R. BIANCIARDI.

Once more the year its fullness pours,
To cheer the heart of toil:
Once more we take with gratitude
The blessing of the soil.
I hear the children laugh and sing—
They pull the grapes together;
And gladness breather from everything.
In this October weather.

The Winter days were long and dark,
The Spring was slow to come;
And Summer storms brought fear and doubt
To many a humble home.
But rain and sunshine had their will,
And wrought their work together.
And see! we heap our baskets still;
In this October weather.

My heart has had its Winter, too,
And Jain full bare and gray;
I did not think a Spring would come,
Much less a Summer day.
How little did I dream that life
Would bring as two together,
And I should be a happy wife,
In this October weather;

Doubtless the frosts will come again, And some sweet hopes must die; But we shall bear the passing pain, And smile as well as sigh; Nor let us cloud with fears of ill, This golden hour together; For God is in His garden still, In this October weather.

# A TOUCHING SCENE.

The Hou. Henry Watterson Salutes the The meeting between the President and Henry

The meeting between the President and Henry Watterson was very affecting. Mr. Watterson advanced to the centre of the room, finding Mr. Hayes toying with his fan and smiling aweetly on his surrounding admirers. As the distinguished ex-member of Congress came in view, dexterously wiping the moisture from his mustache, and hastily brashing some bits of mustard from his imperial, a hush of expectation came over the group, and a pathway to the great presence was involuntarily opened.

"Mr. President," said the master of ceremonies, "jet me present the Hon. Henry Watterson."

"Ah!" said the President, perceptibly blushing, while his eyes grew luminous with expectation, and a faint blush overspread his face, "I am delighted to see Mr. Watterson. I almost feel as if it was more than I had a right to expect."

"Nevah, sah!" said the bluff and hearty Kenthekian, with rough and ready gallantry. "Nevah say that, sah! It is Gen. Hayes that I see befoah me. I recognize in him the brave soldish, and am glad to see him. It is likewise the ah-President of the United States. I am glad to see him, both as a loyal citizen of the United States and a-ah resident of Kentneky."

"This is very sweet," said the President, blushing more than ever at the Kentnekian's noble condescension. He dropped his fan in his agitation, and Mr. Watterson gallantly picked it up and gracefully returned it; whereat there was much but subdued applanse. "Do you accept all the amendments!" asked the President, in a faint voice.

"All—all!" said Mr. Watterson, increasing his stature by several inches, and placing his hand to his heart. "In this bounh, sah, there is hardly

stature by several inches, and placing his hand to his heart. "In this bound, salt, there is hardly anything that I would not accept."

anything that I would not accept."

The President frowned in a good-natured way, evidently thinking that Mr. Watterson alluded indirectly to the Louisville postoffice, or perhaps had designs more or less in connection with the Cabinet. "Now, now" he said, coquettishly tapping Mr. Watterson's shoulder with his fan, "let us have no politics to-day."

"But, sah," said Mr. Watterson, "I'm a bluff man, and no deuced conventionality, Mistah President! and I must say that youah Southern policy has lifted the South from the depths of despaiah to the heights af glory. I am preparing an editorial on the subject, sah, and I shall say in it that Andrew Jackson and that othah

er, is makin a toor uy the South, and her his reserved with demonstrasheus uv approoval by Suthern Dimekrats, and

Wargas, The sed President is President de fakto, and not President de jure.

Deckin Pogram—"Parson, wat is de fakto and de jury!"

I explaned to the Deckin that shem terms wnz furrin in ther strukter, but hed bin yoosed in Eastern Dimekratic noospapers, and must therfore be good frases, and that I wood explane em to him at some fucher time, and went on:

—and deserves the reprobashen, instid uv the applause, uv all Dimekrats, and

Wargas, We uv the Corners, hevin never heerd that this yooserper hex a single one uv the time-honored prinsiples uv the Dimekratic party, but is in all respects a bloody-minded Ablishinst: therfore, be it

Resolved, That in finitssipashen uv his comin, the Corners feels at his comin, that the day he is here shel be a day uv fastin and humiliashen, and that to properly express our feelins, Baseom shel close on that day, and the Corners shel neath its teeth.

Resolved, That some haste, and that to properly express our feelins, Baseom shel close on that day, and the Corners shel neath its teeth.

Resolved, That door in the subject, salt, and I shall say in it that Andrew Jackson and that othah Andrew—Mistah Jawnson I think his name was —were not even a caheumstawnee to Rrith. B. Hayes. That much I must say, not I shall say in it that Andrew Jackson and that othah Andrew—Mistah Jawnson I think his name was —were not even a caheumstawnee to Rrith. B. Hayes. That much I must say, not I shall say in it that Andrew Jackson and that othah Andrew—Mistah Jawnson I think his name was town in the fact of the say on the stroke on the strukter, but the fact on the say on the hard and the say, not if the say in it that Andrew Mistah Jawnson I think his name was town a then for the not reply. When at last he looked arrow in the fact in reply. When at last he looked arrow in the fact in reply. When at last he looked arrow in the fact in reply. When at last he looked arrow in the fact in re

"Yes, sah—yes, sah!" said Mr. Watterson, somewhat nervously dashing the tear aside, and adding to himself, "By Jove! that felt like wa-

adding to himself, "By Jove! that felt like watah—wahm watah, and no stick in it. Thank
you, sah!"

At this moment there were wild cheers and a
sudden clash of music outside. "I see that Kontucky is loyal," said the President with sweet
complacency, smoothing out the folds of his pantaloons, and smiling a coquettish smile at Mr.
Watterson. "Let us go to the window."
"Is Mistah Key about to speak, sah!" said Mr.
Watterson, with some anxiety.
"I am proud to say that he is," said the President.

"I am proud to say that he is," said the President.

"Then, sub," said Mr. Watterson, with a subdued shudder, the effect of which was lost in the gentle smile that played about his lips, "there isn't pleasuah enough to go around. I must leave you, sah. I have an engagement." And he added to himself as, after an affectionate parting, he walked away, "That Key is a confibmed ahas. I'm loyal enough, but I'll be hanged if I ovah recognize myself as an erring brothah. There is such a thing, by Jove! as being too dawmoably humiliated."—Democrat and Chronicle.

### A Morrible Experience.

to stand on trifles. The addigned, feelin that watere rother places in Kentucky mite do, the Corners hed dun its dooty.

Perroleum V. Nashy.

Ex. Reformer.

P. S.—Jist ex we adjurned, we get the nooze that ligher hed bin hoarin uv ne—That the accurred yooserper wuxu't comin to the Corners at all. That man, needs killio.

New-Born Zenk.

Mr. George William Curtis appeared at Rochester as the most zealous defender of the President's Sonthern policy. All right; the policy is sound, and is entitled to everybody's apport. But it was too far gone, and he is satisfied it was a veleran on that side. While Mr. Curtis was ardenly supporting the carpet-bag policy, Senator Couking is a veleran on that side. While Mr. Curtis was ardenly supporting the carpet-bag policy, Senator Couking was doing his best to find an intelligent way out of what he saw was a false course, and if he now chose to recall his own record and tompare it with that for Mr. Curtis on this question. When the saw was a false course, and if he now chose to recall his own record and tompare it with that for Mr. Curtic on this question, it would not be the Senator's turn to blush at inconsistencies or to admit himself to have been shert-sighted. We doubt if he has anything to take back on that question. New York Hersh.

What's THE MATTER WITH Him!—In the midst of a long tirade against Mr. Counking, the judicious "H. V. B." makes one honese concession: "With all this it is but just to say that his (Couking." He also lightly remarks at another stage of this virtulent personal answelt: "Reveryone concedes his shillity." Well, in those days a man of unsullised integrity has remained unusulised." He also lightly remarks at another stage of this virtulent personal answelt: "Reveryon and sense folias think he was every conceded his ability." Well, in those days a man of unsullised integrity has remained unusulised. The same of the capacity of the subject to the contract the mount in the contract the subject to the way of feeling the movement of the subject to he w